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VOLUME XXXII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1852. WHOLE NO. 1621.

Choice Poetry.

A DIRGE.

BY FANNY GREEN.

[illegible]
Ye are gone—all gone.

One by one I gave you rest,
In our loving mother's breast,
Where the chirping swallows play,
And the singing waters stray,
And the light is soft at dawn—
Ye are gone—all gone.

Ye are lovely as the flowers
That nestle within your bowers,
Gentle as the bleating flocks
That ye led among the rocks;
But my early hopes are shorn;
Ye are gone—all gone.

Children of the sunny clime,
Earliest, fairest—born of Time!
I have hushed in sweetest sleep,
Eyes that scarcely learned to weep,
Hearts that might have been forlorn—
Ye are gone—all gone.

But your virtues could not die,
They are set like stars on high,
Beaming with a purer light
'Mid the mysteries of Night;
Through the portals of the Morn
Ye are gone—all gone!

The Shekinah.

Original Novelet.

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON.

A TALE OF

EXPIATION AND REDEMPTION

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUTHOR OF "THE DESERTED WIFE," "VIRGINIA AND MAGDALENE," "SHANNONDALE," "THE DISCARDED DAUGHTER," ETC., ETC., ETC.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER VII.

THE SEVERED HEARTS.

Alas! how slight a cause may move
Dissension between hearts that love—
Hearts that the world in vain had tried,
And sorrow but more closely tied;
That stood the storm when waves were rough,
Yet in a sunny hour fall off,
Like ships that have gone down at sea,
When Heaven was all tranquillity!
A something light as air—a look—
A word unkind or wrongly taken;
Oh, love that tempests never shook,
A breath—a touch like this hath shaken.

Moore.

Some hours after the arrival of the company, old Mr. Clifton sat alone in his study, examining piles of accounts, merchants', mechanics', and hired laborers' bills, that had come in as usual upon the first of July, many weeks before, yet had not, up to this night, been settled. For many years past the financial affairs of the Master of Clifton had been falling behindhand. The cause of this was that no plantation and plantation [illegible]

[illegible]

Our Picture Gallery.

NATURAL GAS WORKS.

Explosions in coal mines are caused by the accumulation of gas in the wastes or large spaces which have been left by removing the coal. At Wallsend colliery, England, the gas generated in the wastes is conducted by large pipes to the top of the buildings containing the hoisting machinery, where it is set on fire. An immense flame is always visible, which, at night, illuminates the country for a great distance. It has been proposed to purify this gas, and convey it to the small towns in the vicinity, for the purpose of lighting them.

cheeks, how dragged the muscles, how red, dim, and sunken her eyes! And this upon her wedding-day—and when she had a quarrel to make up with her intended husband, too! When, in fine, every circumstance promptingly demanded that she should appear in the highest beauty. Would Archer Clifton—would that fastidious, artistic worshipper of the beautiful— [illegible]

she left him, he saw to his surprise Frank Fairfax emerge from his chamber, with a portmanteau in his hand. Frank immediately set it down, and advancing, said,

"Ah, sir! I was just about to seek you, to let you know that, to my infinite regret, I must leave you to-day."

"To-day! You astound me! What is up [illegible]

[illegible]

Miscellaneous.

RETIRING TO THE COUNTRY.

[illegible]

The large cities of citizens leaving country-seats, which every summer's exodus to the mountains and sea-shore presents, is a remarkable proof of the value of a comfortable home. Nowhere, and under no circumstances, are the comforts of home so much appreciated as in the country. Here the rich have built for ages past their princely mansions, and the middle classes their cottages and villas, which are visited by their owners only occasionally, for the purpose of recreation, or to see that the servants in charge keep them in order. Many of these country-seats are kept up by those who have business in the city, and who could afford to live in a more expensive style in town, but who prefer the comforts of a home in the country.

The large cities of citizens leaving country-seats, which every summer's exodus to the mountains and sea-shore presents, is a remarkable proof of the value of a comfortable home. Nowhere, and under no circumstances, are the comforts of home so much appreciated as in the country. Here the rich have built for ages past their princely mansions, and the middle classes their cottages and villas, which are visited by their owners only occasionally, for the purpose of recreation, or to see that the servants in charge keep them in order. Many of these country-seats are kept up by those who have business in the city, and who could afford to live in a more expensive style in town, but who prefer the comforts of a home in the country.

But do they get solid value? Are those who marry who are compelled with the husband after a few years, realize that they have married for money alone, not counting the cost, or do they have tried and found wanting? Are they happy? And is there any reasoning that may be open to warn the new beginners of the dangers of the voyage of matrimony, and help them to be united, with the fullest faith that it is an affair pure and true?

We think so; and as we are daily brought into contact with precisely this class of citizens, we feel that we can speak understandingly, and we are glad to be able to say that we have not found in them what we fear is the case in town.

Of course, we do not mean to say that all are blest with love, or to unqualified in feeling; but we do say that, as a class, they are in the habit of thinking, judging in the most careful sleep. Lost in the town is said by the fleet, is the country by the many. The price of a pair of horses in the city would, perhaps, purchase a farm that will keep them in the country, and the cost of one of the two horses is the carriage. They have everything to themselves, and they do not do everything. To live on your own estate, be it ever sure or a thousand, to have your own milk, butter and eggs, your own cider and vegetables, your own strawberries, with nature in bloom like the finest house of any palace, and the out-doors, that is something like a natural life which we were made for, and which is the reason the citizens about nothing, not only to enjoy life as it is, but to improve, but to make a thousand additions of the luxuries of life, and the comforts of life from two thousand to a million dollars.

Well, be goes into the country. He buys a farm, runs down with your horses and his children, and there is a new house and life. The children have instead of confined and smoke-dust and, and in the country they have the advantage of this country ignorance in the matter of books and master; or he employs a tutor at the house and he and his wife look at the unsatisfactory dwelling forever afterwards. He makes that a highly beautiful, and the building of the greatest necessary of husbandry, every bushel of corn that he raises costs him the price of a gold and a half of the family. Used to town in a neat and orderly condition of his premises, he starts with old and rotting fences, half-defaced fields and worn-out pastures, and employs all the laboring force of the neighborhood. It is great to give employment.

Now, there is no objection to all this for its own sake. On the contrary, good buildings, good horses, good rich pasture fields, are what especially delight us, and we would have them, in the country first, as the country place gets to be more and more the fashion, and begins to look serious and unhappy! Why it is that the country is not more so than it is, we cannot find. In the country, which all poets and philosophers have celebrated as the Arcadia of the world, the inhabitants are, as a class, the most unhappy. Let a man be a farmer, and do most and drive and harvest exceptions against the power of mind of the rational citizens!

Also! it is a matter of money! Everybody seems to be in a terrible hurry at two days. The country life of the old world, of the poet and romancer, is always. The country life of Longfellow's Evangeline, and the proof of the many that labor should be high, and it is high labor that makes the luxury and opportunities to rank men—only because it shows a be. cause, increasing year after year, on the wrong side of the ledger. Here is the source of all the trouble and dissatisfaction in what may be called the country life of gentlemen and farmers, or citizens, in this country—"it don't pay."

Lord is done, nature is bountiful, the country is healthy, and all that energetic is done to well-to-do citizens into the country. But labor is done, nature is done, still a certain class of persons is regularly across the desired c and, and every friend, friend, is or we have said, is in the situation of a man who has an eal on a delightful voyage, on a smooth sea and with a cheerful and hearty company; but his discovers, also, that the ship he's sprung a leak and is sinking, and that the provisions are in all hands to the pump—not large enough, perhaps, to attract anybody's attention but 11 feet, with quite large enough to make it evident that he must leave her or be swamped—an noble language to make his voyage a serious piece of business.

Everything which a citizen does in the country seems to be incredibly acute. In Europe (beaten save the marks,) you may have in the large cities for the luxury of a dinner for a day. Here you must pay them a dollar, a least our amateur meat, though the farmer consists of just about the same as he did a hundred years ago, and the cost of living has not been reason that you cannot understand, the soup, which is the, and finally cost you a trifle more than it is worth in a good market.

To cut a long story short, the larger part of our citizens who retire to a farm in order to a country residence, are not aware of the fact that capital cannot be profitably employed on land in this country, unless a thoroughly practical knowledge of farming. A close and economical system of management is the only one available, and desirable, some gentlemen farmers that we know of, who, from all they can tell us of their land—but citizens who intends build; into farming, bring fore-laborers at high prices and tempting overseers to others for the purpose only by managed under the master's eye—no one might or ever so are there to be found a farm that will drive them back into business again.

To be happy in any business or occupation one must be happy in it. As a matter of fact (we mean), we must have some kind of [illegible] and there is no success without profit, and no profit without practical knowledge of farming.

The lesson that we would deduce from these reflections is this: that a man cannot conduct successfully a large farm for a country-residence, with the expectation of finding pleasure and profit in it for the rest of his life, unless, like some old Roman that we have known—rare exceptions—they have a profits for it from the start, and can master the whole of farming, so they would know a running hand in at any moment. Farming is, the older Italian, the greatest of wealth of the soil has been exhausted, is not a profitable business for gentlemen—but quite the reverse. And a citizen who has a sufficient income without farming, had better not damage it by engaging in so expensive an amusement.

"But we must have something to do; we have been here all our lives, and cannot retire into the country to fold our hands and sit in the sunshine to be idle." Positively so. But we might add, therefore, retire yourselves as a large farm. Do not be ambitious of being great landed proprietors. Assume that you need no

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1858

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SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1852.

SATURDAY EVENING POST STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,
DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

OUR NOVELETS.

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON,

A TALE OF EXPIATION AND REDEMPTION.

BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

author of "The Deserted Wife," "Shannondale," "The Discarded Daughter," &c.

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CLARA MORELAND.

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

author of "Prairie Flower," "Bandits of the Osage," &c.

In addition to the above works of fiction, we shall not neglect the usual assortment of Miscellaneous matter—composed in a great degree of the ... together with the ... News, ... and make them worthy of a first class paper, and of our great circulation.

From Washington.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.

On the 9th, Mr. Sumner delivered an eloquent eulogy upon Mr. Rantoul, the usual resolutions were adopted, and the Senate adjourned.

On the 10th the Indian Appropriation Bill was debated. Mr. Atchison proposed several amendments ... [illegible]

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

[illegible]

... The Army Appropriation Bill was then taken up. ... The bill was then passed. Adjourned.

General News.

POLITICAL NEWS.

NATIONAL CONVENTION OF THE FREE DEMOCRACY.—This Convention assembled at Pittsburg on the 11th inst. About two thousand persons were present, all the hall would hold—many being unable to gain admittance. Samuel Lewis, the Chairman of the National Committee, called the Convention to order, and explained that the call for the Convention was intended to include all the friends of freedom, under whatever name they should be known. In alluding to the fact that Gerrit Smith, Lewis Tappan, Giddings, and several other distinguished men were present, with Delegates from four Slave States, the announcement of each name was received with enthusiastic cheering. Judge Spalding, of Ohio, was appointed temporary Chairman. A Committee on Organization was appointed, on whose Report, in the afternoon, the following gentlemen were chosen officers: President, Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts; Vice Presidents—Maine, Stephen Fairick; New Hampshire, James Peverly; Massachusetts, Wm. Jackson; Connecticut, J. Brewer; Delaware, Joseph H. Pusey; Pennsylvania, F. Julius Lemoyne; Wisconsin, Warren Chase; Illinois, James H. Collins; Virginia, S. M. Bell; Rhode Island, Alfred R. Bowditch; Vermont, Titus Hutchinson; New York, A. B. Brown; New Jersey, Alexander Black; Maryland, David Gamble; Ohio, Thomas Freeman; Michigan, William S. Elliott; Iowa, Asa Turner; Indiana, Rawson Vail; Kentucky, A. W. Ellis.

Secretaries—Massachusetts, Jas. W. Stone; Vermont, F. Welch; Pennsylvania, John Sheddon; Wisconsin, S. M. Booth; New York, L. P. Noble; Illinois, D. L. Hough.

On motion of Mr. Tappan, Frederick Douglass was nominated as an additional Secretary, by acclamation.

The following gentlemen were appointed a Committee on a Platform: Maine, Austin Willey; New Hampshire, George G. Fogg; Massachusetts, Charles F. Adams; Connecticut, James E. Holley; Rhode Island, J. B. Harris; Vermont, M. M. Davis; New York, Gerrit Smith; New Jersey, Alexander Platt; Delaware, J. M. Pusey; Maryland, Dr. Snodgrass; Ohio, Joshua R. Giddings; Michigan, W. S. Elliott; Wisconsin, S. M. Booth; Illinois, Davis H. Hough; Iowa, Joseph Whitham; Virginia, S. M. Bell; ... [illegible]

[illegible]

Local News.

[illegible]

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

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THE STOCK MARKET.

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Bank Note List.

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PHILADELPHIA, August 21, 1852.

[illegible]

NEW YORK MARKETS, AUG. 16.

[illegible]

ALMANAC.

[illegible]

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

[illegible]

Marriages.

[illegible]

Deaths.

[illegible]

FALL FASHIONS—MAHAN'S SYSTEM AND REPORTS OF FASHIONS, &c.

[illegible]

LYON'S KATHAIRON.

[illegible]

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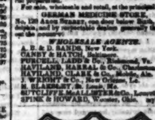

WORLD'S FAIR ...

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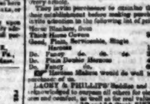

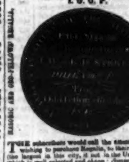

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Selected Poetry.

THE OLD ROSE TREE.

A gnarled and knotted old rose tree
Was growing by the cottage door,
Where children loved to climb the fence
And pluck the roses o'er and o'er.
Its branches reached the window sill,
And peeped within the room,
Where sat a mother with her babe
Upon her lap in bloom.

Her cheek was like the rose's hue,
Her eyes were soft and blue,
And golden curls around her brow
In clustering beauty grew.
And as she sang a lullaby
Unto the slumberer,
The mother's voice and the rose tree
Were all that stirred the air.

The children's feet, the mother's form,
And cottage door are gone,
And all around their dwelling place
Their hands have reared a throng
Of lofty trees, whose branches meet
And shade the whole front wall,
Of honeysuckle, lilac and vine,
But none of the roses at all.

Now many are the roses of grace
That bloom in the garden of God,
Upon the old rose tree.

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And cottage door are gone,
And all around their dwelling place
Their hands have reared a throng
Of lofty trees, whose branches meet
And shade the whole front wall,
Of honeysuckle, lilac and vine,
But none of the roses at all.

Now many are the roses of grace
That bloom in the garden of God,
Upon the old rose tree.

Many years have fled since those hands
Have linked another pair,
And left the mother lonely here—
Her children scattered there.
And friendships new, and cares, and toil,
And kindly pledges given,
Have made her heart forget its home,
And fixed it more on heaven.

Yet nothing has distracted it
Or changed its love for this,
Where first it learned to love the Lord
And taste His promised bliss.
And now, when years have left their mark
Upon the old rose tree,

The old rose tree, the cluttering vines,
Oh! may they long remain—
And may the hallowed bond that's let
Be never rent in twain.
Most, not in many a pleasure's pace,
Or in the world's employ,
Must we desire the sacred home
Once cherished and enjoyed.
A brother and a sister dear,
Our parents left as poor
Oh! 'tis sweet to a widowed heart
Upon that old door-stone.

New York Tribune.

Pictures of Life.

THE SORROWS OF A "WEALTHY CITIZEN."

BY A SUFFERER.

Ah, me! Am I really a rich man, or am I not? That is the question I ask myself, and ask it not once, but a dozen times a day. Am I rich? and yet, here I am within one month of the first of January, and being worth seventy thousand dollars! How the world will laugh at me, and point the finger of scorn at me, when it finds out that I, a man worth seventy thousand dollars, am actually in debt! But where is it all? Where's the rub? How true it is that people always know more about one's affairs than one's self.

Reuben (the notorious book fiend see (*The Wealthy Citizens of Philadelphia,*)) was jogging me very quietly. Reuben is a friend of mine, and I like him well enough, and I had no suspicion at the time myself, except to tell, I assure you, that I was worth seven hundred thousand dollars. Reuben, I should never forget that day. Here who had been in the habit of borrowing my money and, now turned with a few sarcasm, or rather their best friendship, as I encouraged them on the pave.

"What's the meaning of all this?" thought I. "I haven't money to lend to any one at present, and I don't know of any one to whom I can apply for money myself. Why, then, should they treat me this impudence?"

And, musing thus, I pursued my way in quest of money to help me out of my present predicament. After succeeding, though with considerable difficulty, in what I wanted, I returned, and to my shock several twelve o'clock. I found a memorandum awaiting me, which, without waiting to be opened, I placed in my pocket.

"I want," said he, with great coolness) "to get a loan of six or seven thousand dollars; and I don't know of any one to whom I can apply with more propriety than to you, who have such a large amount of money at your command."

"My dear sir," replied I, "if you only wanted six or seven hundred dollars, instead of six or seven thousand, I should, I assure you, be most happy to accommodate you. I have just come to from a borrowing expedition myself."

I was struck with the sudden change in the man's countenance. He was not over strong, dictated, but offended. He did not believe my statement. In his eyes, I had merely resorted to a subterfuge, and, in fact, I did, because I did not wish to let him have my money. Having, however, recovered himself, he turned away and left my place of business in a huff, and has been my enemy ever since.

On the afternoon of that day I was sitting in the back part of my store, minding no one in particular, when I heard a gentleman's voice inquire for Mr. Goodfellow. I was of my visitor, and he informed me that he wished to see me on business. I requested him to be seated, and, having finished my writing, I turned round to him, and found that he was a stranger to me. He was a man of about forty-five years of age, and was dressed in a style of extreme plainness. I called at his house in Chestnut street, but was informed that the gentleman did not reside at that number.

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"Mr. G——, Electric?" said the elder of the two brothers, addressing me.

"I am ashamed of you, certainly."

"And it's the last time," said I, angrily.

And so I left them. Seeing a day passed in which my time as a wealthy citizen did not subject me to some kind of experiment or other, I resolved to wait no longer. So I wrote a note for my services, and asked what was to be done with the money. I was called first, in order that you may hand the subscription, and then some one remarked, "Thought so others."

And his lady handed me the book in the most "I cannot" manner in the world, and with the evident impression that I would put down at least fifty dollars.

Of course, I was censured, and must do something. I failed in the usual and public, but on reflection I think that I failed in the effort. As for Paddy, I never saw him after that; and I am, therefore, considered afterwards that for all who are too idle or prodigal to succeed well in the world, or as individuals of discretion, and I did so with as good grace as possible.

Opening my desk, I took out a particular bill, and presented it to the elder of the two ladies, thinking that I was doing very well, indeed.—She took the money, but was evidently disappointed, and did not even ask me to hand the list with my name.

"How money does burden the hand!" I exclaimed one of my fair visitors say to the other, in a low voice, but meant to be heard for my satisfaction, as they walked off with their hard-earned gain.

Impudent! impudence!" I said, to myself, thinking my revenge out of them. "So you think I've got nothing else to do with my money but scatter it in the four winds?"

And I stuck my Gamble firmly in the armhole of my waistcoat, and took a dozen turns up and down my store, in order to cool off.

"Confound your impudence!" I then repeated, and quietly sat down again in the old arm-chair.

On the next day, I had any number of calls from persons, whom, to the best of my belief, I never saw before, and who had not the slightest claim upon me. Some of them were in want of money, and others of employment. Some of them were in want of money, and others of employment. Some of them were in want of money, and others of employment